unknown enemy or the god of mischief perhaps, whom they could not otherwise take to task.

There was a criminal patient who used to move about and work with us and who seemed quite a sober and sensible man in every way, so that he 4was given the convict-warder's badge, in consideration of his work and trustworthy habits. But such was the irony of fate, that this very man whom no one could ever have suspected of any violent inclinations, so lost his head one night, that he shook the whole asylum so to say, with his wild deeds. I was in hospital at that time on account of some slight illness and my friend, the above-mentioned patient, whose name was Tambi Paiyan, also came there for some reason or other and occupied the room next to mine. As we were both in hospital for some time together, it so happened that at about mid-night, while we were asleep in our respective rooms, we suddenly hearcl a grating noise coming from the top of the tiled roofing of our block, as if some one was breaking it. Soon the

noise
increased so much that I had to
leave my bed
in order to ascertain what the
matter was. i
came and stood before the front
door of my